A

POEM

Humbly Addreſt to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of Portland, &c.

On his Lordſhips Return from his Embaſſy in *France*.

Mecœnas optimus, atque
Cocceius, miſſi magnis de rebus uterq;
Legati, averſos ſoliti componere amicos. Hor■: Serm.

By Mr *Oldmixon*.

LONDON,

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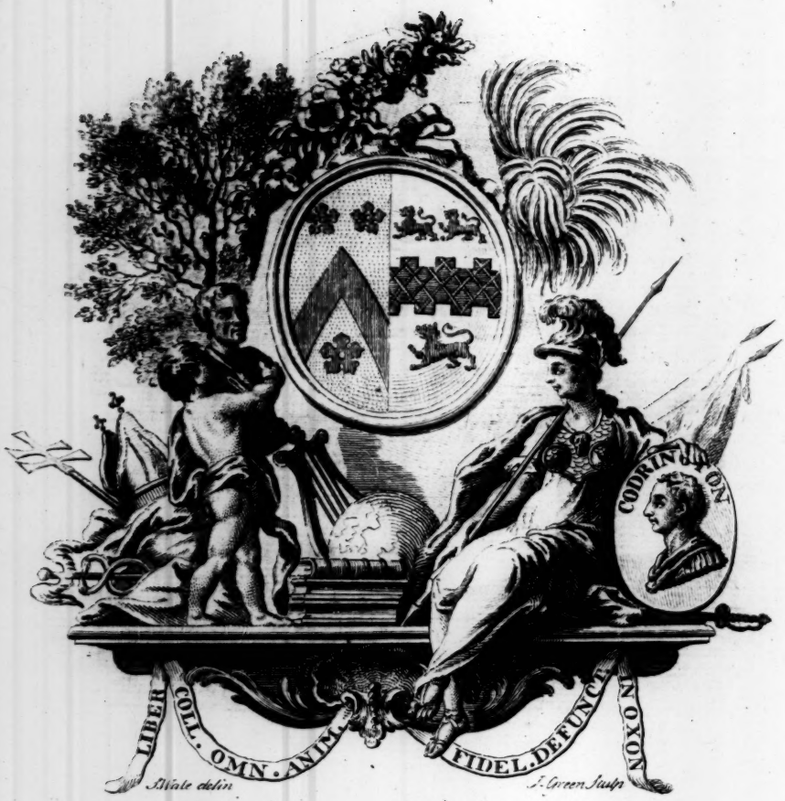
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Earl of Portland, &c.

On his Lordſhips Return from his Embaſſy in *France*.

My Lord,

MÆcenas, Mighty in the Arts of Peace,
Brought Reſt to *Rome*, and you to *Britain* Eaſe.
Like his, your Counſels ſav'd the Nation's blood,
Like his, the Rivals of your Lord Subdu'd.

Both made their foes accept the terms they ſcorn'd,
VVent forth for Peace, and Both with Peace return'd.
Thus Welcome to your Maſters arms you come,
Thus Welcome to his Realms, as he to *Rome*.

What man but you, who know the ſecret Springs
Of Princes Councels, and the hearts of Kings,
So ſoon could tame ſo turbulent a Mind,
And calm a Soul as Boiſtrous as the Wind?
Make *Lewis*, ſpite of his Ambition, yield,
And boaſting Victory, forſake the Field,
To court the Prince his Envy once abus'd,
And ſue for Peace, which he before refus'd.
You ſtopt his Glory in its full Career,
And made him dread the Proſpect of the War.
Your Maſters Conduct, and his Might declar'd,
Which *France* with Terror and Amazement heard.
She thought no more of Univerſal Sway,
Of making Empires yield, and Kings obey;
But trembling for the Countries ſhe poſſeſt,
She gladly gave up part, to ſave the reſt.

This

This who Expected, that had heard her boaſt,
How much their freedom ſhould their Champions Coſt?
Yet all believ'd her Vaſt Compliance true,
Who knew the Treaty was referr'd to you.
With *William* you were taught th' Important arts,
To win the Mild, and quell the Proudeſt hearts;
Bred in his Court, which Fame declar'd afar,
The Seat of Wiſdom, and the School of War
In whom but you could ev'ry State confide,
To teach *France* Juſtice, and correct her Pride
And whom but you, my Lord, could *William* truſt,
To make her pleas'd with thoſe that made her Juſt?
You, who before our Monarch fixt his Choice,
Had been diſtinguiſht by the Publick Voice,
To ſpread the Nations Glory, and declare,
VVe ſhine in Peace, as we prevail in War.
And when among our Rivals you appear'd,
They learn'd to love the people whom they fear'd.
The Pomp and Preſence of your Entry ſhew'd,
Such Hero's were not form'd to be ſubdu'd.

VVith

VVith Rapture on the Glorious Train they gaz'd,
And ſcarce were more delighted than amaz'd.
So much they Joy to find their dangers ceaſe,
You ſeem'd to triumph where you carry'd Peace.

And now, methinks, your Chariot I behold,
Rich in bright Paintings, and the VVheels in Gold;
Eight *Africk* Steeds that draw the gay Machine,
VVith decent Pride reſiſt the Silver Rein.
In glitt'ring Chariots next your Friends advance,
Next *England*'s youth, and then the Pomp of *France*.
The Heads of Councels, and the Chiefs of VVar,
Attend your coming, and its Luſtre ſhare.
They ſhew their utmoſt Gallantry in vain,
And look but mean behind ſo fine a Train;
For thoſe whoſe Honor made 'em Servants there,
Like Maſters of the Camp and State appear;
Mounted on Steeds that neigh againſt the bit,
And deckt with Orange Plumes, comtemn the *Gallick* white.

Nor

Nor had our *Britains* quite forgot the days,
VVhich ancient Story ſpeaks with ſo much praiſe,
When thro the Streets of *Gaul* their Fathers rode,
And our fifth *Harry* led 'em like a God;
When Conqueſt waited on his Sword, and Death
Or Life depended on the Victor's breath;
When *France* of nothing but Obedience ſpoke,
And Swore Eternal homage to our Yoke.
This Mighty thought our blooming Hero's warm'd,
And their young Courage with bold Proſpects Charm'd.
This fir'd their Eyes, and made our Rivals fear
Another *Harry* might again come there.
But ſoon their vain and diſtant terrors ceaſe,
For thoſe they fear'd, were thoſe that brought 'em Peace.
Forgive the Muſes flight, ye Sons of War,
Whoſe Arms have ſtretcht the *Gallick* Empire far.
So much to our great Anceſtors is due,
Which we may Pay 'em without wronging you.
This little Tribute to their Shades allow,
They ſleep, alas! and cannot Conquer now.

But ſee! The Grand Proceſſion moves along,
And ſtops th' Impetuous Sallies of my Song.
See *France*, Renown'd throughout the World for Shew,
Confeſſes ſhe's outdone in Splendor now.
See, how the Vulgar to their houſes cling,
Hark, how the ſtreets with *Portland*'s Welcom Ring.
Hark, from the Croud repeated ſhouts rebound,
The Steeds Inſtructed beat the trembling Ground,
And ev'ry heart grows Chearful at the ſound.
They bleſs the Monarch, whom they once blaſphem'd,
Their Late unjuſt and fatal rage Condemn'd.
Scarce their own *Lewis* now is more ador'd,
So well the Friend can repreſent his Lord.
Great thoughts of him by you, my Lord, they frame,
And on their rude Inſults reflect with ſhame:
Abus'd by thoſe who ſerv'd their cauſe with Lyes,
They ſee their malice, and our foes deſpiſe.
A Rout, which at your Preſence fled away,
As Fogs are ſcatter'd by the riſing Day.

They

They murmur'd horrid Treaſon, and withdrew,
To holes and wilds, to curſe their Cauſe and you.
You, by whoſe Vigilance and Reſtleſs Toyl,
Our Sov'raign Reigns in Safety o're our Iſle.
His foes, that were too wicked to be friends,
Can only mutter like invet'rate Fiends.
Peſts of the world, from ev'ry Realm exil'd,
They live to want the Peace they would have ſpoil'd.
Like *Jews* to ev'ry Region they're a curſe,
But to themſelves, and him, they ſerve a worſe.
Here let my Muſe forbear theſe Sons of Night,
That ſerve like Shades to give her Picture Light.

For now my Fancy is I feel perplext,
To draw the ſhining Scene which follows next.
To paint you Led by Princes to *Verſailles*,
There to ſecure our Friendſhip to the *Gauls*.
And ſtrait before their Maſter you appear,
Who in Sublimeſt State expects you there.
His Sons, the Prop and Safety of his Crown,
With their young Queens, ſtand waiting round the Throne.

A Croud of Demi-Gods on either hand,
All born to Rule, or deſtin'd to Command.
Their Beauties next in radiant Circles ſhine,
And but our own no forms are more divine.
High on his Seat, like *Jove*, the Monarch ſits,
Who only when *Naſſau* is nam'd ſubmits.
Then moving, with a dreadful grace deſcends,
To meet with Smiles the man that made 'em friends,
Swears from this hour the Nations Rage ſhall ceaſe,
And crys with *William*, *Let the World have Peace.*
Since the bleſt World, at whoſe command the Light
Broke forth, and Nature loos'd the bonds of Night,
Since Peace and Pardon were proclaim'd from Heav'n,
No ſweeter voice was heard, nor bleſſing giv'n.
With Extaſie the Royal Audience hear
The Kings by you their plighted Friendſhip ſwear.
Naſſau's the ſubject of their high diſcourſe;
His Juſtice, Wiſdom, and his matchleſs Force,
Are all their talk, and ev'ry tongue diſplays
Its utmoſt Eloquence to ſpeak his praiſe.

Lewis

Lewis himſelf at length with pleaſure hears
Thoſe wonders told which he no longer fears.

This awful Scene of Majeſty gives way
To one, tho not as Stately, yet as Gay.
The Heirs of Empire next your Meſſage hear,
And in his Fav'rite our Great Lord revere.
Their beauteous Princeſſes your coming wait,
And wiſh your buſineſs had been more than ſtate.
Their Eyes betray how much their Hearts adore
Our Prince, and wiſh his Friendſhip ſomething more.
So ſoon Great actions will the Greateſt move,
And what begets their Wonder kindle Love.

This done, the Princes at prodigious coſt,
Strive who ſhall honour and divert you moſt.
But *Conde*'s and *Chantilly*'s Charms Invite,
To ſee the Muſes, and their Sons delight.
Conde, (who early had our Victor ſeen
Make his Sire yield, who ne're would yield till then)

Learnt at *Seneffe* the Hero to eſteem,
And ſhews by you his vaſt reſpect for him.
In thoſe bleſt Paths by ancient *Bourbons* trod,
Thoſe Groves, the Temple of the Muſes God,
Which have ſo oft with *Conde*'s Triumphs rung,
By *Sarazin* and Gallant *Voiture* ſung.
Hadſt thou, O *Prior*, try'd thy tuneful Lays,
And ſung thy Maſter's, and his *Portland*'s Praiſe,
Thy Lyre as Sounding, and thy Voice as ſweet,
The Theme ſublimer, and thy Art as great,
The God had made their names to thine ſubmit,
And *France* been taught Subjection too in Wit.

FINIS.